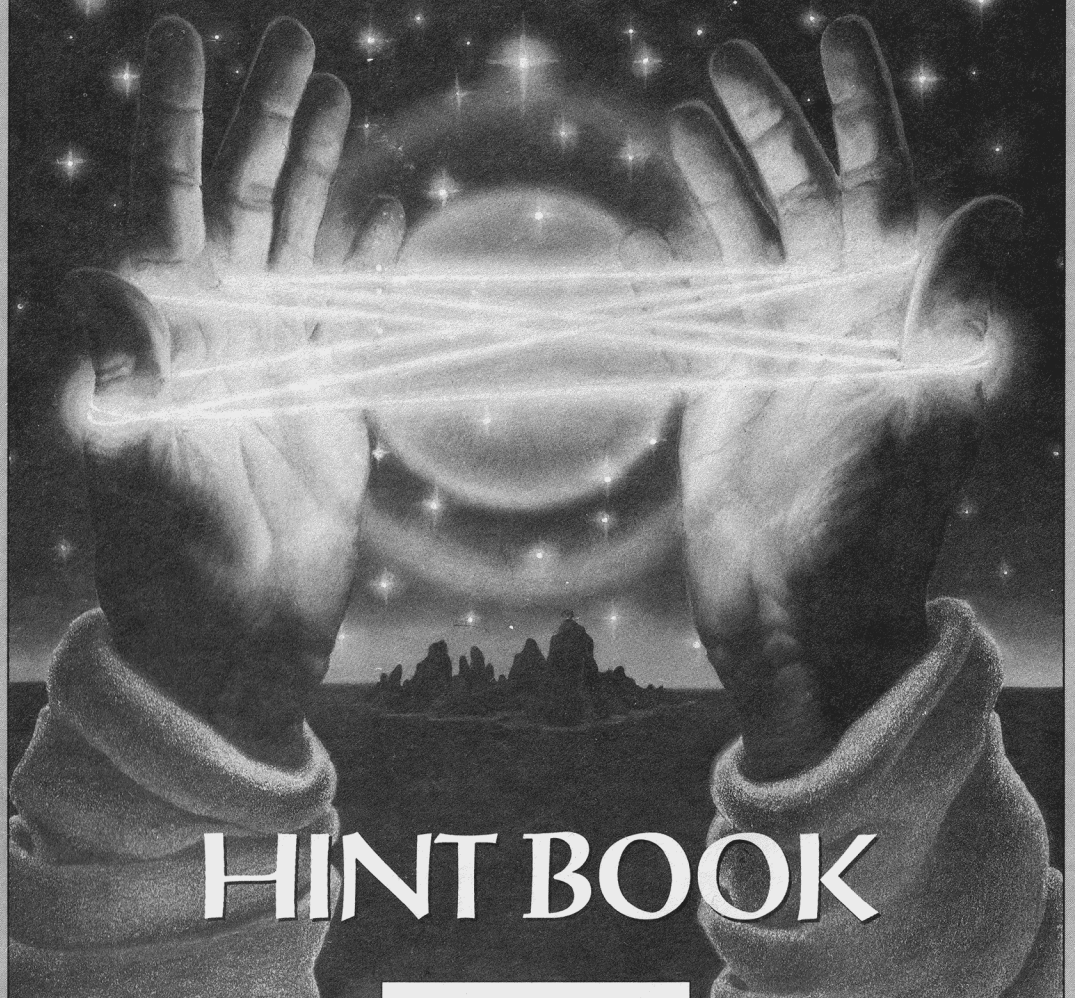


LORD OF THE RINGS™



# HINT BOOK

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# Introduction

Can't figure out how to steer past the waterspout? Worried about how long it'll be before that dragon gets hungry enough to eat you?

Trying to decide how to spend that reward you got from the grateful shepherds?

The *Loom Hint Book* can answer all those questions (well, except that last one...the shepherds won't have time to give you a reward) and more.

The Hints section is divided by geographical areas (for example, "The Island of Loom" or "Crystalgard").

You'll be using the decoder, made of red gel, to read the hints in the Hints section. Without it, you could all too easily find yourself reading clues you don't want or need...which would take much of the fun out of the game. With the decoder, you only read the clues you absolutely need, so you can get yourself out of one jam without taking the fun out of the next. Just skim the questions in the applicable area, and use the decoder to read the first clue under the question that's stumping you. If that's all you need, you're on your way. If not, read the next clue.

At the end of the Hints section, under "General", you'll find the answers to a couple of common questions that might crop up anywhere in the game.

We've included maps that show you how all the areas in the game connect, as well as two detail maps — the Chalice Room in Crystalgard and the Cavern under Dragon's Mountain.

There's a complete list of all the drafts to be found in *Loom*, and where they're found, as well as an explanation of the experience levels through which Bobbin must go in order to play the higher notes on the distaff.

Included for your reading pleasure is a transcript of the audiotape that came with your game package, and a complete narrative walk-through of the game. (If you're *really* stuck, the walk-through will take you step-by-step through the entire story.)

At the very end of the *Hint Book* is a list of things that you might not have tried; actions that may provoke silly or amusing responses. By its nature, this list will give away the answers to some of the puzzles, so try not to look at it until you've finished the game.

Remember, the audiotape and the *Book of Patterns* that came in your game package provide lots of clues for playing the game. Try to use this hint book as a last resort; you can't get "killed" in *Loom*, so you can experiment as much as you like, and fall back on the *Hint Book* whenever you want.

And, above all — *have fun!*



# Hints

## THE ISLAND OF LOOM (The Island of the Guild of Weavers)

### *Cliff and Crossroads*

#### How do I pick up the leaf?

You can't; all you can do is look at it, and watch it fall.

In *Loom*, you don't have to pick up every single object you see. Some objects will provide you with information about the story...others will play useful drafts. Some, like the leaf, are just nice to look at.

#### What about the sky icon?

Right now, all you can do is look at it.

Later, you might be able to spin a draft on it.

The Elders have sent for you...better not keep them waiting.

#### I've seen the Elders and I've spoken to Hetchel. Now what about the sky?

You'll find a clue on a tombstone in the cemetery.

"The day the sky is opened." Hetchel taught you a draft that might come in handy here.

From the cliff, spin the Opening Draft on the sky. After the cut scene, go down to the dock.

#### What about the piece of sky I can see from the crossroads?

From here, you're not close enough spin a draft effectively.

"The view from the cliff is better."

The cliff *is* a little closer to the sky. Go back to the cliff, where you first woke up.

## ***Sanctuary (Left)***

### **What use are the tapestries?**

Read them; they'll give you some idea about what's been happening to the world.

### **What's this stick for?**

That's Elder Atropos' distaff. Use it to spin drafts.

### **Obviously, the Loom's important. What can I do with it?**

It will echo the last draft that was played — by anyone but Bobbin — in its presence.

Pick up the distaff that Elder Atropos dropped. Look at the Loom; it will replay the notes of the Transcendence Draft. You'll need them later; they've already been written in your *Book of Patterns*.

### **What about this egg?**

That's Hetchel! She's trying to get out!

When you click on the egg, it'll play the Opening Draft.

Help Hetchel: spin the Opening Draft on the egg.

### **Why doesn't the Loom echo the drafts that I spin?**

What are people always calling Bobbin?

"Loom-Child".

Bobbin's drafts are already so much a part of the Pattern that the Loom does not need to echo them.

## ***Dark Tent (Middle)***

### **Hey, it's dark in here!**

Use the Night Vision Draft on the darkness.

You can learn it in the woods on the other side of the Island.

### **I learned a draft here. What's it for?**

Try spinning it on something and see what happens.

There's straw here...there's gold here...

This is the Straw Into Gold Draft.

### **I want to take some of this with me. How do I pick it up?**

What were you planning to buy?

Did you write down the draft from the spinning wheel? If so, you have the means to make more if you ever need to...

### ***Hetchel's Tent (Right)***

#### **How do I use the *Book of Patterns* on the table?**

This is the same book that came in your game package.

We just figured that, if you could have one, Bobbin should get one too. Use yours to keep a record of the drafts you learn.

#### **Oops! I overturned the flask. How do I clean it up?**

You got the draft, right?

You can look at the flask as many times as necessary, just to be certain you've got the draft.

You don't have enough experience, though, to spin all the threads in that draft.

Don't worry about it; there's more important chaos afoot. Just be sure to write down the draft.

Incidentally, that was precious irreplaceable ambrosia.

Fortunately, you won't be needing it in *this* game...

#### **Well, what's the flask draft for?**

What happened to the flask when you knocked it over?

It didn't break, so it's probably not Rending or something destructive like that.

The contents of the flask spilled out.

This is the Emptying Draft.

**What about the dye pot draft?**

The threads of this draft are all within your present abilities; try it out on something.

Spin it on the wool, or on the heap.

This is the Dyeing Draft.

**Yuck. I hate green.**

If you *really* want to change them back, you'd better use the Bleach Green Draft.

First try to figure it out on your own, but if you're really stuck, look up: "I want to do things that aren't described in the *Book of Patterns*" under Drafts in the General Section.

**Woods****How do I find the draft?**

Examine the holes; there are owls in there and they each play a thread of a draft.

**I can only get three threads from the holes. What's the fourth thread?**

The fourth owl hole is presently empty.

You won't be able to get the last thread until the fourth owl returns.

He's perched on a tombstone in the cemetery. You'll have to convince him to go home.

**OK, now I've got all four threads. What does this draft do?**

What are owls famed for? Apart, of course, from being wise and being able to turn their heads over their shoulders...

They hunt at night.

They must be able to see very well in the dark.

This draft is Night Vision.

## Cemetery

### How do I get that owl off the tombstone?

Did you try hitting him with the distaff?

Looks like he's had a rough night hunting. You'll have to wake him up.

There *is* something here that might get his attention.

Take a closer look at the thorns.

### Why a tombstone for Cygna? I thought she was just banished!

You're right. But Hetchel wanted to protect Bobbin from the truth.

The inscription contains an important clue that will help you leave the Island.

"The day the sky is opened." Hmm.

Go back to the cliff and spin the Opening Draft on the sky.

### I can see a patch of sky from here. Can I do anything to it?

Not from here. You're not close enough.

"The view from the cliff is better."

The cliff *is* a little closer to the sky. Go back to the cliff, where you first woke up.

## Dock

### What about these gulls?

They're hungry...

They're playing the Opening Draft...

Have you investigated the clam?

You could open the clam for them.

If you're experienced enough, the gulls will follow you when you leave the Island.

## And the clam?

You can spin the Opening Draft on it.

When the gull's finished, you can close it again.

Can't figure out how to close it? Check: "I want to do things that aren't described in the *Book of Patterns*" under Drafts in the General Section.

You can use the clam to practice your spellweaving skills.

## What else can I do here?

Did you talk to Hetchel?

She said you should leave the Island.

You could try swimming away...but you'd probably be better off using a boat.

Of course, Weavers never leave the Island. The only boats seen here are brought by outlanders. You could wait until one comes along, which might take a very long time, or...

...you *could* make your own. Have you seen the tombstone in the cemetery?  
There's a clue there.

Go to the cliff top, where you first woke up, and spin the Opening Draft on the sky.

## This is *not* a boat!

Close enough...

These are desperate times...

Get on the log. Trust me.

## *The Sea*

### I can see land, but I keep getting tossed around in the funnel. How do I get around it?

Look at the funnel. You'll learn another draft.

Another word for funnel is "twister."

The funnel is playing the Twisting Draft.

**I got the draft from the funnel. What good does that do me?**

It stands to reason that, if something can be twisted, it can be untwisted.

The Untwisting Draft won't be spun for you; you'll have to deduce it.

Untwisting is the *reverse* of Twisting.

Spin the threads of the Twisting Draft *in reverse order*.

**One of the threads is too high for me!**

You need more experience.

Go back to the Island and limber up with a few drafts.

Don't read the next answer unless you're *really* stuck...

You have to spin the Dyeing Draft and the Straw Into Gold Draft in order to gain enough experience to spin the "F" thread. You'll learn them in Hetchel's Tent and the Dark Tent, respectively.



## OUTSIDE THE SHEPHERDS' REALM

### *Forest*

#### **How can I get past the shepherds?**

These fellows think they're pretty tough; you'll need to spin an awfully impressive draft.

So far, there's not much in your repertoire to suit the occasion.

Did you make a note of the draft they spun?

Better tackle the shepherds later, after you've explored more of the mainland.

Visit the city now.

#### **What's the meaning of the draft that the shepherds spun?**

When you first bumped into them, what happened?

At first, you can barely see them...

Try spinning the draft on one of the shepherds.

This is the Invisibility Draft.

#### **I've been to the city. Now how do I get past the shepherds?**

Did you gaze into the Sphere of Scrying?

Don't read any further unless you've looked in that Sphere...

The Sphere showed you spinning a draft on the shepherds.

It was the Terror Draft.

Spin the Terror Draft on the shepherds.

## CRYSTALGARD (City of the Noble Guild of Glassblowers)

### *Building (Left)*

#### How do I find my way around this place?

This city must be made of glass; you can see through the walls.

Take things one step at a time; walk up the large stairs on the right, then turn around and go up the next set of stairs. Keep going left, and you'll find yourself on a platform at the back. Enter the chamber on the right.

If all else fails, use the map on page 28.

#### What can I do with the chalice?

You could fill it.

Then you could empty it.

That's it. At least you've finally had a chance to practice the Emptying and Filling Drafts.

### *The Tower*

#### How do I get to the Sphere? Those workers keep catching me...

You'll have to sneak past them.

Don't read any further until you've seen the shepherds in the forest.

You can see the workers from outside the tower.

From outside, spin the Invisibility Draft on the workers. Then, go back inside and try to get past them.

#### What's that draft I saw in the Sphere?

You also saw the shepherds who wouldn't let you pass.

They were frightened away.

This is the Terror Draft. Now you know how to get past the shepherds.

**What about the second scene in the Sphere?**

That must be even further in the future.

Looks like there's going to be a fire...

...in a cave.

Just keep it in mind; you'll see how it fits in later.

**And the third scene?**

That's the swan again.

And she's playing that draft again.

That's the Draft of Transcendence.

***Top of the Tower*****What's the draft being played by the scythe?**

The workers are honing it.

"That thing is SHARP."

This is the Sharpening Draft.

## IN THE REALM OF THE GUILD OF SHEPHERDS

### *The Fence*

**When I disturbed the sheep, I heard two drafts. What are they?**

What happened to the dozing shepherd when they jumped over the fence?

And when he chased them back?

The first draft you heard was the reverse of the second.

The first draft is the Wake Draft. The second is the Sleep Draft.

### *The Hut*

**What about that song Fleece sang?**

She called it a “song of healing.”

This is the Healing Draft.

### *Meadow*

**What am I supposed to do about all these sheep?**

“They really stick out.”

Especially against that brilliant green meadow.

The dragon may only care about the mutton...sheep also provide wool.

You’ve learned a draft that works on wool...

Spin the Dye Draft on them.

### *Midair*

**Are you *sure* that was a good idea?**

Yes.

## DRAGON'S MOUNTAIN

### *Lair*

**OK, we've had a lovely conversation and I'm ready to go now.  
How can I escape the dragon?**

She's afraid of fire.

Straw is highly flammable. If only you had some.

Reverse the Straw Into Gold Draft (spin it backwards) on the dragon's gold.

### **Got a match?**

She admitted that, even though she's afraid of it, she *could* still breath fire.

She's not likely to ignite that straw voluntarily.

Maybe if she was asleep?

Spin the Sleep Draft on the dragon.

### *Cavern*

#### **It's dark in here!**

Spin Night Vision on the darkness.

#### **Mazes! I hate mazes!**

There are a limited number of paths you can take at the beginning, and you can always backtrack to try another path.

Walk a little to the right, then follow the stairs down and enter the first archway you see. When you emerge on the other side, keep walking to the right. You'll find yourself on a ledge with stairs leading down; take them. Walk across the stone bridge - *ignore the first opening* - go through the passageway on the *left*. When you come out on the left side of the cavern, keep heading left until you fall down the slope (oops). Dust yourself off, take a look around, then walk around behind the stone pillar and through the arch. You'll be on a ledge leading directly to the cavern exit to your right.

There's a map on pages 28-29.

**What about the draft I hear when I examine the pool?**

What do you see when you look at it?

This is the Reflection Draft.

**What else can I do at the pool?**

You might try emptying it.

**What about this scene in the Sphere?**

It's a volcano.

Oh, you knew that already?

This is a view of the *far* future.

In fact, this is *so* far in the future, it might not even be in this game.

**And the second scene?**

There's that swan again.

She's just trying to make a point.

This draft must *really* be important.

**The third?**

You'll probably meet him sometime in the future...

...nice smile...

**How can I get across these broken steps?**

You'll have to bridge the gap somehow.

The steps on the cave side are twisted around the pinnacle.

If they were straightened out, perhaps they'd reach...

Spin the Untwist Draft on the steps.

# FORGE

## (City of the Guild of Blacksmiths)

### *Graveyard*

#### Who's the napping boy?

Wake him up and ask him.

You can reverse the Sleep Draft.

Spin the Wake Draft (the Sleep Draft backwards) on the boy.

### *Drawbridge*

#### They won't let me into the Forge!

"The gate opens for members only."

Neither the sentry nor the guard inside will let you in unless he thinks you're a member of his Guild.

Maybe if you looked more like, say, the boy by the graveyard?

Don't read further unless you've looked at the pool in the cavern...

Go back to the graveyard and spin the Reflection Draft on the boy, then return to the drawbridge.

### *Main Hall*

#### What can I do in here?

Confusing architecture, isn't it? Just keep heading to the right.

### *Furnace Room*

#### How do I sneak past Stoke?

You might try spinning the Draft of Invisibility on him...

...but as soon as you try to do that, he'll catch you.

All you can do is face the music. It'll be all right...

## *Cell*

### **But Stoke took my distaff and locked me up! Now what do I do?**

There isn't much you can do without your distaff...when was the last time you rested?

Seriously...lie down on the straw for a bit.

Don't forget, Hetchel said she'd keep an eye on you. For now, take a nap.

### **Right, I've got my distaff back. Should I spin the obvious on the straw?**

Why not? If you change the straw to gold, maybe Stoke could use it to buy some new office furniture...

### **But the door's still locked...**

Spin the Opening Draft on the door.

## *Sword Room*

### **This conversation isn't very comforting. How can I stop them?**

That sword must be awfully important to them.

It's nearly ready...

If you could slow up production here, maybe you could gain some time.

Spin the Blunting Draft (the reverse of the Sharpening Draft) on the sword.

Didn't get the Sharpening Draft? You can Twist the sword instead...

### **It's too noisy to spin drafts in here!**

Listen to the conversation again.

Every so often, they make Edgewise stop hammering to report his progress.

You can spin a draft during the times when Edgewise stops hammering.



## BISHOP MANDIBLE'S CASTLE

### (Retreat of the Antisecular Conclave of Clerics)

#### *Dungeon*

#### **How do I get out of the cage without giving Mandible what he wants?**

You can't. The only way you can open the cage is by spinning the Opening Draft.

That's why Mandible put you in there.

Not to worry...he isn't as smart as he thinks...

Spin the Opening Draft on the cage.

#### **I'm out of the cage...how do I get past Cob?**

There's a Sphere in this chamber.

The other Spheres you've seen have provided useful information.

Aren't you curious about this one?

Look at the Sphere.

#### **Too bad about Cob. I looked in the Sphere...haven't I seen this before?**

Yes, you have.

#### **And the second scene in the Sphere?**

Well, you know this is a view of the future.

With all the birds in this story, this was bound to happen sooner or later.

Let's just hope it isn't Hetchel...

(...but don't count on it).

**What about the third scene?**

The swans are white; it couldn't be one of *their* feathers.

It might, on the other hand, be *Heichel's*...

But where is she?

Uh-oh...

**What about the beast in the cage?**

"Looks hungry."

Probably wouldn't mind a snack...maybe a tasty young Weaver?

Good thing it's locked up.

**Where's my distaff?**

Bishop Mandible took it outside.

You'd better go outside and get it back.

**I went and got my distaff. Where's the beast?**

Nervous, are we?

The Bishop "must've opened everything within fifty miles of here!"

Which means he also opened the other cage.

That beast must be lurking around here someplace...

***Parapet*****How do I convince the Bishop to return my distaff?**

Have you tried to ask him?

If so, then you've seen the only way you'll get your distaff back.

**What was that draft spun by Chaos?**

The effect was pretty gruesome... are you sure you want to know it?

There's nothing left of Bishop Mandible.

It was the Draft of Unmaking.

**How do I learn the draft that Chaos spun?**

Patience...

You don't have the expertise to spin it now, anyway.

You'll get another chance, in a little while.

**Now what?**

Aren't you just a little worried about that beast?

Go back to the prison and look for it.

Well, maybe it's on the parapet...

Oops.

**I've fallen off the parapet. How do I get back?**

Lurking on the parapet is a large hungry beast who wishes to devour you...

...out here there is *not* a large hungry beast who wishes to devour you (well, not yet, at least).

The castle is history. Move on.

## OUTSIDE/INSIDE

### *Forge*

**Rusty warned me about the Dead Ones. How do I stop them?**

First, you'll have to find them.

There're more clues beyond the other holes.

Keep going.

**Rusty won't let me leave. How can I help him and get out of here?**

Fleece once sang a draft that might work here.

At the time, you couldn't spin it, but you've got a lot more experience now.

Spin the Healing Draft on the corpse.

### *Realm of the Shepherds*

**What can I do about the dead and wounded shepherds?**

You've gained a lot more experience since the last time you saw them...

And the last time you saw them, Fleece taught you the Healing Draft.

Spin the threads of the Healing Draft on the shepherds.

### *Crystalgard*

**But I wanted to help Master Goodmold!**

He didn't want to be helped.

The Guild of Glassblowers has made its choice. Respect it.

### *The Shore of Wonder*

**Why can't I go any further?**

Cygna has advised you to close the holes.

She won't permit you to pass the lake until you've sealed your route behind you.

Go back and close the holes.

# THE ISLAND OF LOOM

## (The Island of the Guild of Weavers)

### *Cemetery*

**What a mess! Now what do I do?**

Get to the Sanctuary!

### *Sanctuary*

**Hetchel's trying to tell me something, but she isn't making a sound!**

What did Chaos say just before he spun the draft on Hetchel?

"Silence."

That was the Draft of Silence.

**How do I give Hetchel back her voice?**

Reverse the draft that Chaos used.

The Loom echoes the last draft that was spun in its presence (except for the ones you spin).

Look at the Loom. Write down the threads of the Draft of Silence. Now, reverse it (spin it *backwards*) on Hetchel.

**Poor Hetchel. Now Chaos has *really* cooked her goose.**

Reverse the draft that Chaos used.

The Loom echoes the last draft that was spun in its presence (except for the ones you spin).

Look at the Loom. Write down the threads of the draft. Now, reverse it (spin it *backwards*) on Hetchel.

Incidentally, that was the Draft of Shaping.

**What's become of Hetchel? What was that third draft?**

Hetchel warned you to “close your eyes” but “keep your ears open.”

She knew she'd never have a chance to *tell* you the Draft of Unmaking.

She purposely annoyed Chaos so that *he* would spin the draft.

That third draft was the Draft of Unmaking.

**How can I save the feather?**

You can't. Hetchel is beyond your help now. Chaos Unmade her.

But don't let her sacrifice be in vain.

If you don't Unmake the Loom, Chaos will rule the universe!

**What are the threads of the Draft of Unmaking?**

The Loom echoes the last draft that was spun in its presence.

After Chaos has Unmade Hetchel, look at the Loom. It will repeat the threads of the Draft of Unmaking.

**How do I join Cygna and the rest of the Guild?**

You'll have to become a swan.

There's no Weaver left to spin the draft on you.

Go back Outside, where Cygna's waiting, and spin the Draft of Transcendence on yourself.

## GENERAL

### *Drafts*

**There are drafts in the *Book of Patterns* that I simply can't find... what am I doing wrong?**

You're not doing anything wrong. Not all the drafts in the *Book* will be found in the game.

Well, they won't be found in *Loom*...

**I want to do things that aren't described in the *Book of Patterns*. Can I make up my own drafts?**

No, you can't. But you're right; if you can Open things, you ought to be able to Close things.

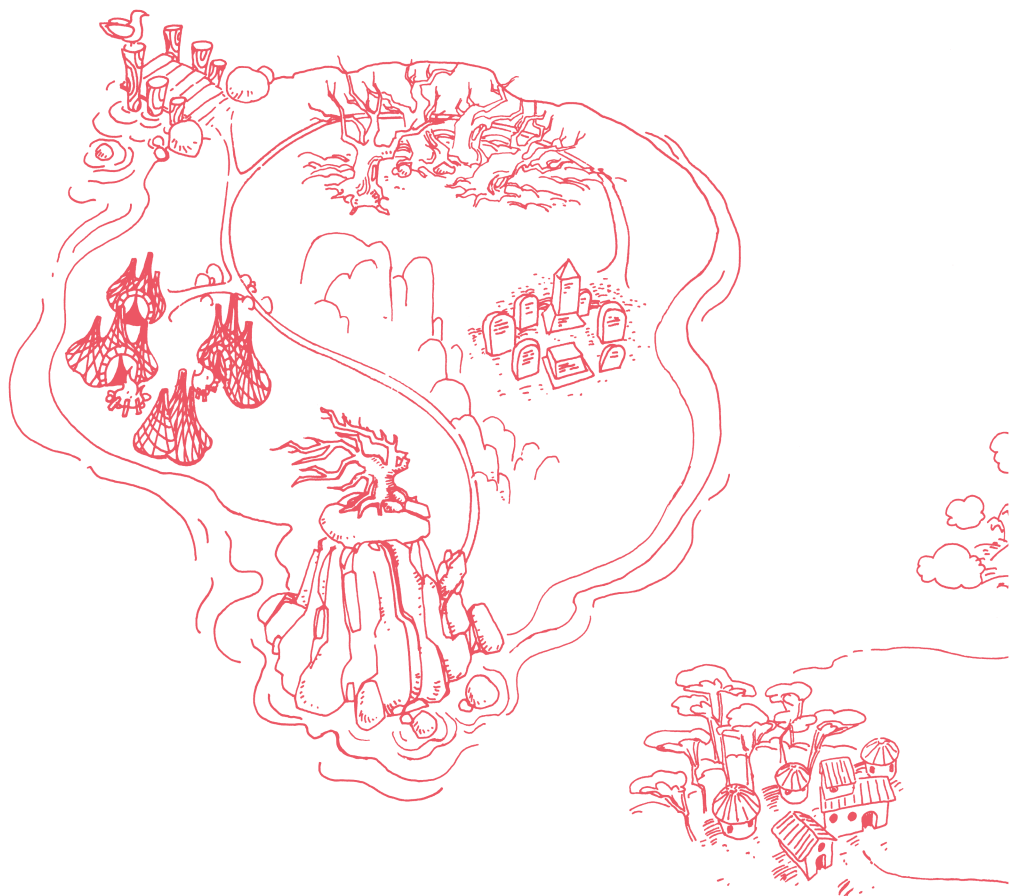
Many of the drafts you collect are asymmetrical (they're different when you read them from right to left instead of left to right).

For example, the Opening Draft (ECED), read backwards, is DECE.

If you reverse the order of the threads, you can spin a draft that will do the opposite of the original draft. This won't work with all the drafts (the ones that are the same both forwards and backwards cannot be reversed), nor will it work on every object (you can't put Hetchel back in the egg).



## Loom Island Map

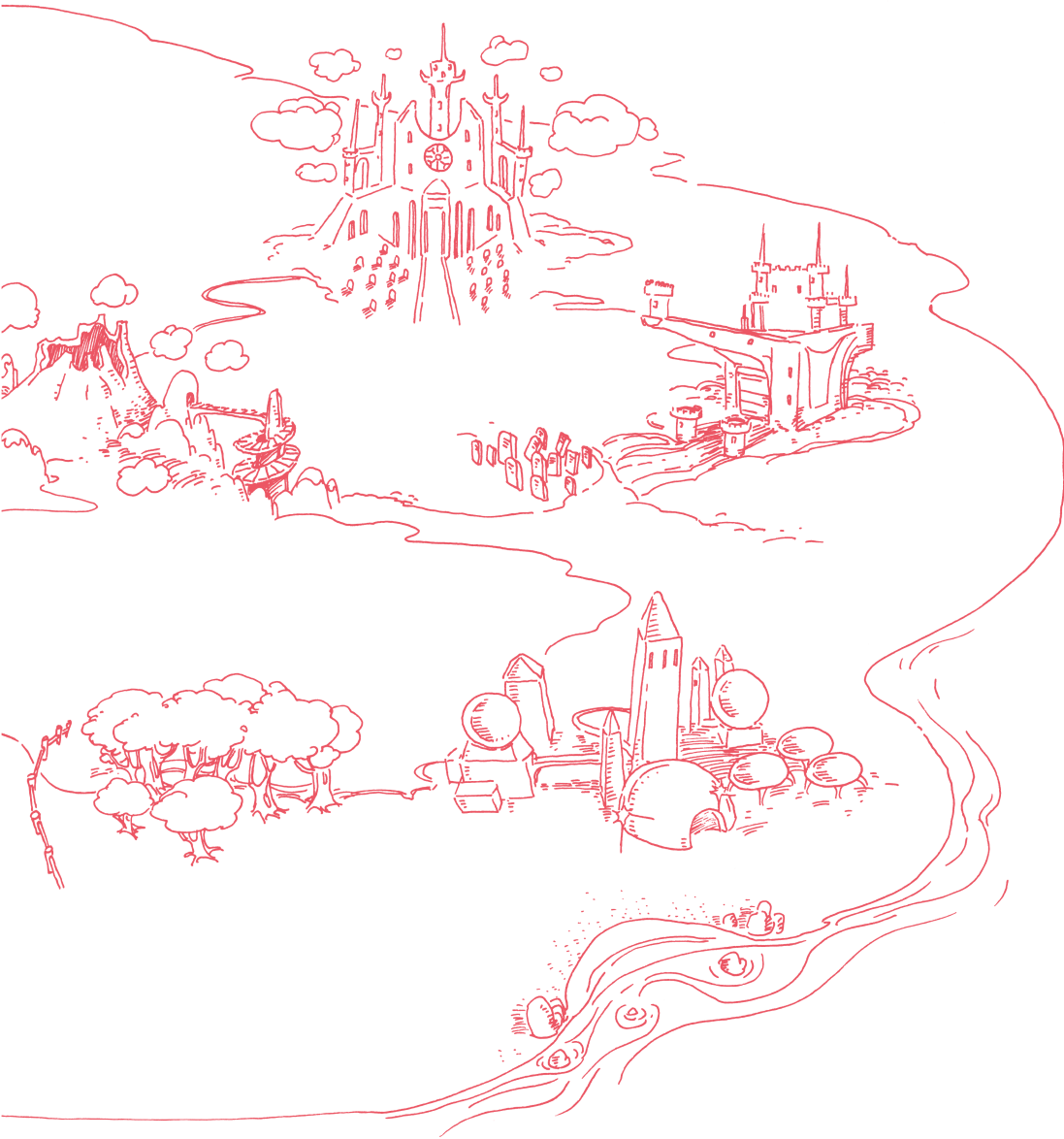


## Experience Levels

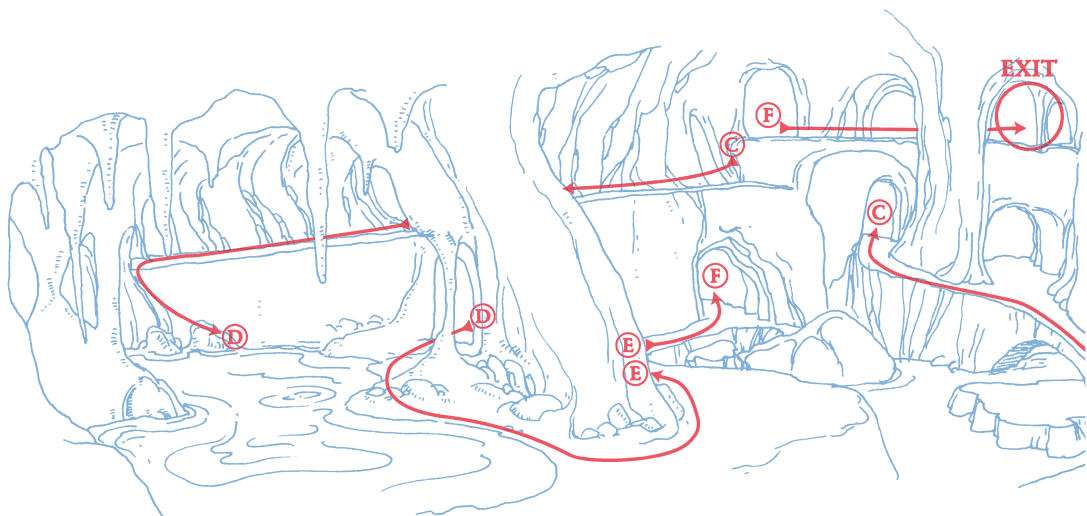
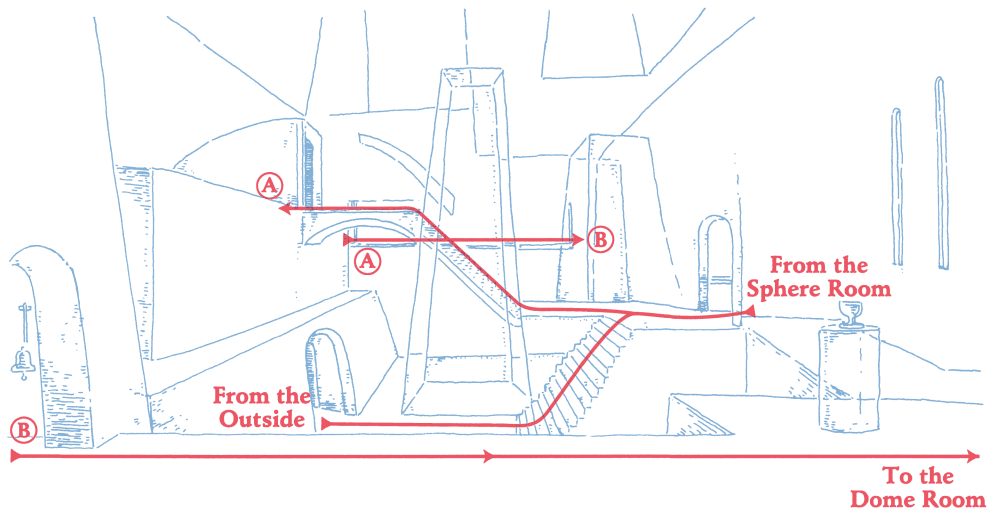
<i>Note</i>	<i>How Acquired</i>
F	Learn and spin the Drafts of Opening, Dyeing and Straw Into Gold
G	Arrive at the beach on the Mainland
A	Spin the dragon's gold into straw
B	Close all the holes in the Pattern
C	Unmake the Loom



# Mainland Map



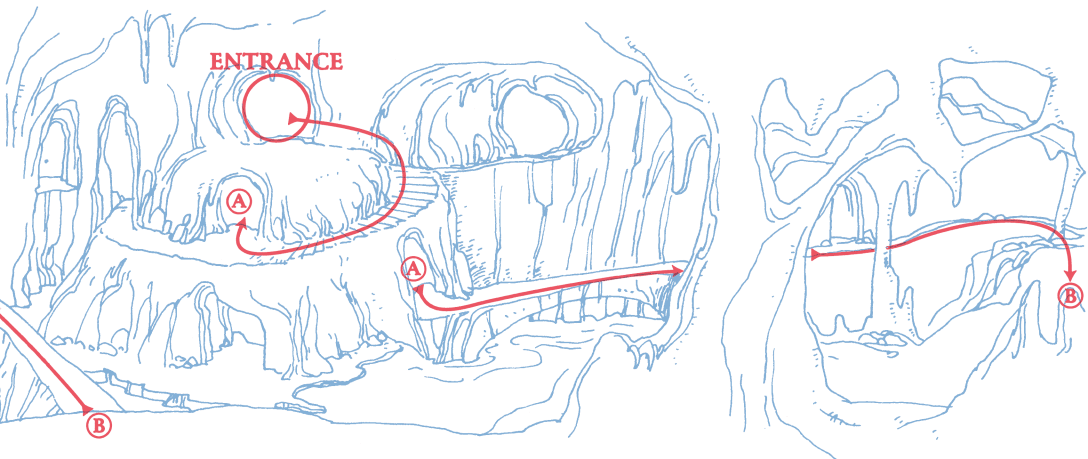
# Crystalgard's Chalice Room



## List of Drafts

<i>Draft</i>	<i>Where Found</i>
Transcendence	Any of the Spheres
Opening	Loom Chamber (from the egg)
Night Vision	Woods (from the owls)
Straw Into Gold	Dark Tent (from the spinning wheel)
Dyeing	Dye Tent (from the dye pot)
Emptying	Dye Tent (from the flask)
Twisting	At Sea (from the waterspout)
Invisibility	Mainland Forest (from the sentries)
Sharpening	Crystalgard (from the scythe)
Terror	Crystalgard (from the Sphere)
Sleep	Meadow Fence (from the sheep)
Healing	Shepherd's Hut (from Fleece)
Reflection	Cavern under Dragon's Mountain (from the pool)
Silence	Loom Chamber (from Chaos, via the Loom)
Shaping	Loom Chamber (from Chaos, via the Loom)
Unmaking	Loom Chamber (from Chaos, via the Loom)

## Dragon's Mountain Cavern



# LOOM

## A Fantasy by Brian Moriarty

**Clothos** (as Narrator): It was long after the passing of the Second Shadow, when dragons ruled the twilight sky, and the stars were bright and numerous, that humankind began to thirst again for dominion over nature.

Their weapon was industry, and they wielded it with confidence. One by one, the mysteries of light and darkness fell before the engines of progress. Whole nations came to believe that nothing lay beyond the power of their own arrogance.

Competition was fierce in those productive days. Skilled labor became a valuable commodity. And so the tradespeople of the land banded themselves together to promote their common interests, and to protect their secrets. These professional societies swelled in power as their membership grew. A few, such as the Blacksmiths and the Clerics, acquired vast territories, with private armies to defend them.

Thus began the Age of the Great Guilds: vast city-states devoted to the absolute control of knowledge, held together by stern traditions of pride... and of fear. Within the span of a few lifetimes, the commerce of the world was in their hands.

But not all of the Guilds were equally ambitious. The spinners of thread and weavers of fabric wished only to pursue their labor without interference. They did not involve themselves in the politics of

the day, and left the administration of taxes and wars to others.

So the Guild of Weavers never attained the prominence of the Shepherds or the Glassmakers. Their number was small, for their strict rules forbade membership to any but the child of a member. Marriage outside the Guild was discouraged, and eventually outlawed.

Outsiders regarded the Weaver's ingrown society with distaste. Yet their customs were not without benefit. The natural talents of their membership were nurtured and purified, generation after generation, until the greatest among them wove fabrics of such extraordinary beauty that the whole world wondered at their achievements. Goods bearing the Seal of the Guild commanded a premium price, and the Weavers amassed considerable wealth in this period, which they quietly hoarded.

Like the other Guilds, the Weavers had evolved a philosophy of living based on the tools and terminology of their handiwork. They beheld in their great frames of wood and metal a symbol of universal truth, and found ways to work subtle patterns of influence into the fabrics they wove.

The cloth of the Guild soon became known for virtues other than mere beauty. Certain weaves seemed to possess remarkable powers of healing. Others held a charm against ill fortune.

In the fullness of time, the art of the Weavers transcended the limits of physical cloth. They abandoned the flax and dyes of their ancestors to wield the very stuff of light and music, and spun new patterns directly in the fabric of reality. The ignorant looked upon these works with fear, and called them witchcraft. Many of the Guild were persecuted. A few were hanged.

To protect their heritage, the Weavers expended a small fraction of their wealth to purchase a rocky island off the mainland coast. They packed up their spindles and skeins and shuttles, and retreated from the company of men to refine their arts in solitude.

Many wars and plagues followed. Mighty Guilds fell into ruin. Others rose to surpass them. The exhausted world all but forgot the humble Guild of Weavers, and few found reason to visit their home, an island of mystery shrouded in perpetual mist, shunned by sailors, which ancient maps call...*LOOM*.

## Scene 1.

*A woman sweeps the floor of a small antechamber. Wind blows in from the outside as a door opens.*

**Cyigna:** (*Entering.*) Hetchel.

**Hetchel:** Lady Cyigna? Bless you, child, out of bed so soon? What brings you?

**Cyigna:** (*Stiff, formal.*) I wish an audience with the Elders.

**Hetchel:** Look at you, pale as lace. And your hands trembling! Sit down. The idea of coming this way alone! You wouldn't be up and about if *I* was still midwifing, you can be sure of that. Now, what's this you say? An audience?

**Cyigna:** I must speak to them. The Elders. At once.

**Hetchel:** The Elders. I see. Concerning...?

**Cyigna:** A matter of importance. (*Drops formality.*) Please, Hetchel.

**Hetchel:** An audience. Oh, my. (*Opening a great inner door.*) Wait here. Old Hetchel will get you in.

*The perspective moves into a vast cathedral space. Footsteps echo on a stone floor, and the rhythmic clunk of old machinery draws closer as we follow Hetchel into the Sanctuary of the Loom.*

**Atropos:** I do not remember summoning you, Hetchel.

**Hetchel:** Forgive me, Elder Atropos. Lady Cyigna is in the antechamber. She desires an audience.

**Lachesis:** Now? So late in the afternoon?

**Hetchel:** The girl is not yet recovered, your Reverence. Yet she comes alone.

*Distant footsteps as Cyigna bursts into the room.*

**Cyigna:** I will speak.

**Hetchel:** Cyigna!

**Cyigna:** (*Drawing closer.*) Elders, hear me! I cannot remain silent.

**Lachesis:** That much is obvious.

**Atropos:** Lady Cyigna. We are grieved to hear of your loss.

**Cyigna:** Do not grieve on my account, Elder. Save your sympathy for the rest of the Guild.

**Atropos:** I am not aware that our Guild is in need of sympathy.

**Cyigna:** How many more babies must die before the Guild will earn your condolences?

*Hetchel gasps.*

**Lachesis:** That is no way to address an Elder, young woman.

**Cyigna:** Is it not? Then give me the words, Elder Lachesis. Tell me how to express my anger.

**Clothos:** Anger does not become you. Calm yourself, child. Tell us what it is that troubles you so.

**Cyigna:** Our seed is barren, Elder Clothos. We have lived under the Rules of Membership too long. Most of our children are born dead. Many that survive are monsters, beyond hope. Our numbers are failing; less than a score of us remain. And all in the name of Rules written in ignorance, obsolete a thousand years!

**Lachesis:** The same Rules that distilled our not inconsiderable talent.

**Cyigna:** What purpose will our talent serve when there is no one left to practice it?

**Atropos:** The same purpose it serves now, Cyigna. The Fulfillment of the Pattern. That is our only purpose.

**Cyigna:** You speak of the Pattern as if it were our master. But the Long Tapestry speaks of a time when *we* were the masters. Please, Elders! There is *power* in the Loom.

**Lachesis:** So. It is power that you seek.

**Clothos:** What would you have us do with this power?

**Cyigna:** *Use it.* I beg you, Elder Clothos. Use the Loom to end our suffering and bring life and health to our children. The changes in the Pattern would be trivial. Any one of us could work the thread. All we lack is courage.

**Lachesis:** Do you make this request on behalf of the Guild? Or on your own behalf?

**Cyigna:** (*Hesitant.*) Both.

**Atropos:** Cyigna. It is true, the Great Loom holds the power you seek. It is also

true that our ancestors wielded this power freely. It may be that they understood the Pattern better than we. Or perhaps the threads were easier to grasp in those simpler times. It does not matter. We dare not tamper with the Pattern now. Its subtleties have passed beyond our understanding. It is all we can do to observe our destiny in its fulfillment.

**Lachesis:** You ask for a miracle, Cyigna. But we are not gods. We are interpreters.

**Cyigna:** Interpreters? You are nothing but caretakers. How can you squander the heritage our ancestors gave their lives to preserve? Your pious hand-wringing mocks their devotion. Who are the Weavers now, and who are the woven?

**Atropos:** Enough. I have tolerated your hysteria out of sympathy for your bereavement. But I cannot allow you to utter blasphemy in the presence of the Loom itself. You will return to your tent and forget that this conversation ever occurred. If I hear of it again outside this chamber, you will suffer the penalty prescribed to all who defy the will of the Elders. Must I specify that penalty?

**Cyigna:** No, Elder Atropos.

**Atropos:** Then go. (*Gentler.*) And do not judge us, Cyigna. Only the Pattern may judge.

## Scene 2.

*Night. The chirp of crickets and hoot of owls are tense and expectant.*

*Anxious footsteps cross a yard of dead leaves. A key ring tinkles. We hear the dull click of a dead bolt, and the creak of a little-used door. The perspective slides indoors, drawing closer to the echoing rhythm of the Loom.*



**Cygna:** (*Muttering to herself.*) Deserted. No one will hear me. No one will know. (*Stepping across the floor.*) The Loom. Power. The Elders are afraid to use it. I am not afraid. (*Sits.*) The colors in the Pattern. Dancing. The shadow of rainbows. (*Rustles through her cloak.*) One gray thread. Gray goes with every color. Invisible. No one will notice one gray thread. To work. Here's the trick. Tied to the end of the shuttle. (*She begins to work the Loom.*) Let the harness do the work. Throw, beat, treadle, rest. Throw, beat, treadle, rest. Back and forth across the web. You taught me well, poor Hetchel. (*The music of woven magic begins to rise as Cygna chants in rhythm with the mechanism.*) Throw, beat, treadle, rest. Throw, beat, treadle, rest. In and under, through and back...

*The strange music reaches a climax. A door crashes open.*

**Atropos:** (*Racing into the Sanctuary.*) Lady Cygna!

*The first cry of a newborn infant echoes in the room. Footsteps hurry across the floor.*

**Lachesis:** Too late.

**Clothos:** Poor child.

**Atropos:** You understand the gravity of what you have done.

**Cygna:** Only the Pattern may judge, Elder Atropos.

**Lachesis:** We cannot allow this outrage to go unpunished.

**Cygna:** Do what you must. This baby is alive. I am content.

**Clothos:** Surrender the child to Dame Hetchel.

**Cygna:** (*Giving Hetchel the baby.*) Care for him the way you did for me, old friend.

**Hetchel:** (*Upset.*) It's the only way I know.

**Cygna:** I am ready.

**Atropos:** Lady Cygna, you are guilty of treason against the Guild. You have breached the sanctity of the Loom, and compromised the fulfillment of the Pattern to indulge your own selfish desires, in direct defiance of the Elders. (*An eerie, ominous sound envelops the Sanctuary as the Elder's magic is woven.*) You are henceforth and forever outcast from the Guild of Weavers. You shall neither behold this child, nor set foot upon this island again. From now until the end of your days, you shall wander the skies in perpetual solitude. Your mournful cry shall be a lesson to all who would defy their destiny.

*The eerie sound rises to a terrible crescendo, then condenses into the flutter of powerful wings. The cry of a swan echoes in the chamber. Witnesses gasp in surprise and horror.*

**Hetchel:** A swan. (*Overcome with emotion.*) Still beautiful...

*The proud bird utters a final cry and takes flight. A great window crashes to pieces, and beating wings fade into the night.*



**Clothos** (as Narrator): Few in the Weaver's village saw the great swan disappear across the sea that night. But it did not take long for them to hear of Lady Cygna's defiance in the Sanctuary, and the Elders' terrible vengeance. All were curious to behold the new infant, a child born not of woman, but out of the Loom itself, and whose creation was unforeseen.

It was decreed that the child should be raised outside the ways of the Guild until his coming-of-age seventeen years hence, when his future would be decided by a High Council. The old serving-woman, Hetchel, agreed to raise the Loom-Child as her own. She named the little boy "Bobbin."

### Scene 3.

*Night. The bedroom of a farm cottage.*

**Hetchel:** Bobbin? (*Shaking him.*) Bobbin. Wake up, child.

**Young Bobbin:** Hetchel?

**Hetchel:** That's right, dear. Out of bed.

**Young Bobbin:** Still dark.

**Hetchel:** I know, little one. Get up quickly and get dressed.

**Young Bobbin:** Why? (*Yawning.*) Sleepy.

**Hetchel:** There's something outside I want you to see. Quickly, now. Before the sun rises.

### Scene 4.

*A windswept cliff overlooking the sea.*

**Young Bobbin:** Cold up here.

**Hetchel:** I told you to bring your quilt, didn't I? Here. My shawl is warm.

**Young Bobbin:** I don't see anything.

**Hetchel:** Patience. She will come. She's come every year, ever since you were born.

**Young Bobbin:** What does she look like?

**Hetchel:** She looks... Wait. There, between the trees! (*A distant hoot.*) No, no. Only an owl.

**Young Bobbin:** The village looks small from up here. Which star is that?

**Hetchel:** The bright one? That is the morning star. You can even see it in the daytime, if the sun is right. Look, down there! Flying low, across the water. Do you see?

**Young Bobbin:** It's just a sea gull.

**Hetchel:** Look again.

*The cry of a lone bird echoes above the surf.*

**Young Bobbin:** (*A gasp of surprise.*) Oh!

**Hetchel:** A swan, Bobbin. A white swan. (*To herself.*) Happy birthday, poor boy.

**Young Bobbin:** Here she comes. Look, she's flying over! (*The cry passes by with a great beating of wings.*) She's... beautiful.

**Hetchel:** Yes. Still beautiful.

**Young Bobbin:** Why does she sound so sad?

**Hetchel:** Because she is alone. Proud, and alone.

**Young Bobbin:** She's flying away. Where is she going, Hetchel?

**Hetchel:** Out beyond the Pattern, I expect.

**Young Bobbin:** Can we go visit?

**Hetchel:** Stand away from the edge! No, little Bobbin. Those who are born of the Pattern are hemmed into its web forever. Where that swan goes, we cannot follow.

**Young Bobbin:** (*Sleepy.*) The sun is in my eyes.

**Hetchel:** You're yawning. Come. Back to home and bed for you.



**Clothos** (as Narrator): The years were kind to Bobbin Threadbare. The boy grew tall and slender, with wide blue eyes that sparkled with mischief and intelligence.

Yet Bobbin never went to school. The Elders of the Guild would not permit it. The other children were told he was a half-wit, and they taunted him with terrible cruelty, throwing stones if he came too near. And so the friendless boy spent his days in solitude, combing the beaches for sticks of firewood, and exploring the hills and forests of the Weavers' little island, until no one knew them better than he.

Old Hetchel cared for Bobbin like her own son. She saw his growing bitterness, and begged the Elders to end his cruel



exile. But the Elders were afraid of Bobbin, and not without reason. His unexpected birth had thrown the Pattern into chaos. Year after year, they watched with growing apprehension as shadows of apocalypse spread across the web in the Loom. Bobbin's thread was weaving its way towards a destiny of overwhelming consequence. The Pattern was disintegrating. No one knew how to stop it.

The Elders never told Bobbin who he was, or how he came to be. They prayed that Bobbin would be unable to fulfill his destiny so long as he never left the Island, and never learned the ways of spellweaving. They did not suspect that Bobbin's education had already begun.

## Scene 5.

*Interior of farm cottage. A cozy fire crackles nearby.*

**Bobbin:** Not *tonight*, Mother Hetchel!

**Hetchel:** Especially tonight. Draw the curtains, boy. Sit here by the fire. Now, tell me. How many threads are there in a draft?

**Bobbin:** (*By rote.*) Four.

**Hetchel:** Their names?

**Bobbin:** The Throw.

**Hetchel:** That's one.

**Bobbin:** The Beat.

**Hetchel:** Two.

**Bobbin:** The Treadle. And the Rest.

**Hetchel:** Good. Let's see if you remember the draft I taught you. Spin it for me.

*Bobbin reluctantly hums the four notes of a draft. He isn't very good.*

**Hetchel:** Tsk, tsk. Pitiful. Listen to me. (*Hums the same notes, very sweetly and steadily.*) Now you know what the other boys do in school all day.

**Bobbin:** I guess I'll never learn to weave.

**Hetchel:** Rubbish. Do you suppose every Weaver starts out with a golden throat? It takes years of practice, years! How long do you suppose the Elders have been weaving? Nearly as long as I have, and that is a very long time indeed.

**Bobbin:** But where do I begin?

**Hetchel:** You begin with this. (*A soft harmonic vibration, rich and vaguely musical, wavers nearby. It sounds like a glass harmonica.*) Do you know what it is?

**Bobbin:** (*Fascinated.*) No.

**Hetchel:** This is called a "dis-staff." Our ancestors used a distaff to spin flax into thread. We use it to spin music and light into threads of influence.

**Bobbin:** Show me.

**Hetchel:** Hold the distaff in your hands. Like this; don't be afraid. Now spin that draft I taught you again. Just the first thread.

*Bobbin hums the note, uncertainly and rather flat.*

**Hetchel:** (*Interrupting.*) Flat. Spin it again, dear. This time, slide the thread high in your throat, like this. (*Demonstrates.*) Can you do that?

**Bobbin:** I think so.

*Bobbin sings the note again, slowly increasing the pitch. As he approaches C, the distaff begins to vibrate in sympathy, until Bobbin's voice and the distaff's hum are harmonizing. Bobbin stops abruptly, but the distaff continues to hum for a few seconds.*

**Bobbin:** (*Delighted.*) It's glowing!

**Hetchel:** It's telling you when your pitch is correct. Try the beat and treadle threads.

*Bobbin sings the second and third notes. The distaff hums obediently.*

**Hetchel:** You learn quickly.

**Bobbin:** What happens if I spin all four?

**Hetchel:** Let's find out, shall we? Let me shut this first... *(She snaps a nearby basket shut.)* All right. Listen carefully. I want you to spin those four threads again. Wait for the distaff to glow before you go on to the next. As you spin the last thread, point the distaff at the ball of yarn inside my knitting basket.

**Bobbin:** But you just closed it.

**Hetchel:** Indeed. Those four threads form a Pattern of Opening. You're going to lift up the top of that basket without even touching it. Whenever you're ready.

**Bobbin:** Does it hurt?

**Hetchel:** Tingles a bit. Remember, concentrate on the ball of yarn *inside* the basket. Spin.

*Bobbin begins the four-note sequence again. The distaff hums along, its harmonies swelling in power and complexity.*

**Hetchel:** Concentrate. Now, point... Not at the window!

*A pane of glass shatters. Shards tinkle on the floor as the humming dies away. A distant dog begins to bark.*

**Bobbin:** Wow.

**Hetchel:** Ssh! Blow out that light! *(He does.)* Sit still for a minute. *(The barking*

*dies away.)* Good. I don't think anybody heard us.

**Bobbin:** *(Waving the distaff around.)* What other drafts do you know?

**Hetchel:** Give me that. You've done enough Weaving for one night. Off to bed with you. You have a big day ahead, and we both have to get up very early.

**Bobbin:** Let me go alone this year, Mother Hetchel.

**Hetchel:** Alone?... Well, I suppose you're old enough. Go alone, Bobbin. I don't mind staying in bed late this time.



**Clothos** (as Narrator): It was still dark when Bobbin awoke. Quietly, so as not to disturb old Hetchel, he slipped into his warm gray robe and stepped outside into the chill before dawn. *(The rush of a windswept cliff rises in the background.)* The climb up the cliff path was steep and dangerous in the darkness. Only the waves crashing against the rocks below broke the stillness. Bright stars twinkled overhead.

It was still half an hour before sunrise when Bobbin reached the top of the cliff. He sat down beneath a crooked old tree, and leaned back to wait for the seventeenth visit of the great swan. In less than a minute, he was fast asleep.



# Memoirs of Bobbin Threadbare Loom-Child

The time has come to set straight the histories, and give my own account of the events that led to the Coming of the Third Shadow.

The tale, as it has been told around campfires, over tables in taverns, and even in our classrooms, has gathered much embellishment over the years. Even I can no longer recognize — in that swashbuckling, stalwart, ever-courageous hero — lonely young Bobbin Threadbare.

Even I? I was — I *am* — Bobbin Threadbare.

The story began long before the time at which I begin this account. That tale has already been told better than ever I could tell it, and I have set it down, in its traditional dramatic form, elsewhere in these pages. I shall begin with my awakening on the cliff, that morning of my seventeenth birthday:



Disappointed though I was to have missed the sight of my secret annual visitor, I was considerably more concerned by the summons of the Elders. They had, it seemed to me, paid little attention to my very existence through my entire childhood...and I was grateful for that presumed inattention. I might be always *different*, kept ever separate from the others of the village, but at least I was not subject to the scrutiny and judgements of the Elders...or so I thought.

To be called before the Elders now, a scant night's sleep from the time when

Hetchel's patient private tutoring had succeeded...when at last I had felt that thrill of power every fledgling Weaver experiences when the threads of the draft are finally (*finally!*) spun truly and in tune...when the distaff becomes an extension and a servant of one's will —

The summons could hardly be a coincidence.

As I walked down the hill and west toward the village, I worried that the shattering of the window had brought upon Hetchel and myself the attention — perhaps the wrath — of the Elders.



The entrance to the Sanctuary, on the west side of the village, was outwardly no different from any of the other tents. When I passed through the antechamber, still dreading the audience with the Elders, I realized once again what special magic must be woven into the fabric of that structure. No simple tent could possibly contain the antechamber itself, much less the vast Hall of Tapestries or the Chamber at the end, where the Loom itself was housed. I hoped that someday I, too, might learn to wield such power.

I hoped I'd be allowed the time to learn.



Loitering before the tapestries, I recalled the lessons Hetchel had given me on our infrequent, almost furtive, visits to the Sanctuary. The Two Shadows...the founding of the Guild of Weavers...and

the coming of the Third Shadow. I should, I knew, have felt in that final torn tapestry some sort of *damage*. Even Hetchel winced when she looked at it. Try as I might, I could only sense a sort of destiny, as if the tear itself was a necessary part of the Pattern.

At last, knowing I could no longer postpone the inevitable, I approached the Loom Chamber, and saw that Hetchel, too, had been summoned. The Elders seemed angry...and...afraid?

Loath to interrupt the Elders at such an emotional moment (and more than a little frightened at the thought of possible consequences to myself), I concealed myself behind a pillar and watched.



When finally I entered the Chamber, my first coherent thought was for the Loom. I had never before set foot in this room, had never been permitted to approach the Loom. Now, as I walked to it, I heard the echo of the draft the swan had just spun. Elder Atropos' distaff, I noticed, was glowing in tune with the threads.

Hesitantly, I picked up the distaff and approached the Loom again. This time I was able to somehow *sense*, through the distaff, each thread of the draft as it should be spun. I recognized the threads of the Draft of Transcendence; Hetchel had written them in the *Book of Patterns* when first she loaned it to me. Excited, I raised the distaff and began to repeat the draft...

...only to realize that the very first thread was far beyond my abilities. Well, Hetchel had long admonished me to "Practice! Practice! *Practice!*" and now I knew the reason.

Thoughts of Hetchel naturally led me

back to thoughts of the confrontation I had just witnessed. It seemed to me that egghood was a very poor destiny indeed; upon examination, it appeared that the egg itself agreed with me. Clearly, it was trying to hatch!

Now *these* threads, I well knew, were not beyond my grasp. Again, I raised my distaff — yes, I was already beginning to think of it as *mine* — and wove the Draft of Opening on the egg.



Leave? Hetchel had taught me that, in all the time the Guild had been on the Island, no Weaver had ever left it...except by banishment. Was I to banish myself from the only home — inhospitable as I knew it to be — that I'd ever known? Unimaginable!

Nor could I imagine the means by which I could accomplish this feat. I hadn't the skill to turn myself into a swan — a destiny which, in any event, I wasn't entirely willing to embrace — and more mundane solutions seemed just as remote. Outsiders had been known to visit the Island by boat, but such encounters were extremely rare and it seemed highly unlikely that some stranger would obligingly choose this time to stop at the dock, simply because I needed a ride.

No, if I had to leave the Island, I would have to find a way to do it myself. I pondered the problem as I returned to the village proper.



Hetchel's tent had been pitched on the east side of the village, as far from the Sanctuary — and the Elders — as possible. When I entered, I could almost convince myself that nothing had changed — that, in the next moment, or perhaps the one after that, Hetchel would bustle in behind

me and put me back to work folding and storing the dyed cloth that represented our livelihood.

But Hetchel had followed the swans, and she expected me to leave the Island. More or less idly, I walked to the table and — more than less clumsily — I knocked over the flask. As it emptied its contents onto the floor, my distaff resonated with the threads of a draft.

I quickly retrieved the *Book of Patterns* and jotted down the threads next to the description of the Draft of Emptying. Yet another draft beyond my abilities! Until I gained enough experience to spin the draft myself, I'd have to be absolutely certain I'd recorded it properly. I touched the flask to invoke the draft again, and rechecked the *Book*.

And how was I to gain experience? I couldn't see myself wandering through the world, even if I managed to get off the Island, opening every window and knitting basket in my path. People might tend to object. Surely there must be some other drafts in my limited range!

I investigated Hetchel's dye pot, and was rewarded with a draft even I could manage. It was the work of a few moments to dye the heap of cloth and the basket of wool. Frowning, I inspected my handiwork.

I had always had an aversion to green, and now I'd managed to fill the room with nothing but that detestable color. It wasn't important, I thought, but I nevertheless wished that somehow I could reverse the process.

Shrugging, I returned to the village center and cautiously entered the only other tent that held any interest for me.



In the center of the village stood a tent that had long piqued my curiosity. I had been forbidden to enter this tent, which was hardly surprising, since I had been forbidden to take part in virtually every activity of the Guild of Weavers. What made this tent unique was the fact that *all* of the children of the Guild, and nearly all the adults, were also forbidden entrance. I knew that there were goods which the Guild could not weave on the Island of Loom; the visits of traders in such goods nearly always involved visits to this tent as well. At last I could learn its secrets...

...balked again! Hetchel had told me that off-Island that gold stuff was held in high esteem; the Elders must have traded it for the goods the traders brought. The darkness had to hold the secret of its manufacture, but I had no idea how to penetrate it. Unless —

I left the village and walked north to the woods and the graveyard where my mother was buried.



All my lonely childhood, I had played in and explored these woods. I knew there was a grove where the owls preferred to nest, and I remembered that Hetchel had told me owls had exceptionally keen night vision. Could I learn a draft from a living being?

As I'd hoped, each of the owls in the grove supplied a thread of a draft. But there were only three owls; three threads do not make a draft. I made my way west to the graveyard, in search of a fourth owl.



Well, I'd found my fourth owl, for all the good it was doing me. The lazy crea-



ture hadn't bothered to return to its nest and, short of hitting it with my distaff (which, I had no doubt, was not the distaff's *proper* function), I had no idea how to persuade it to wake up and go home.

Frustrated, I wandered through the graveyard, eventually blundering into a patch of thorns. A rabbit, spooked by my less-than-graceful approach, accomplished what I could not; the owl awoke and bore its hapless victim back to the grove.

I stopped to read, again, the puzzling epitaph on my mother's gravestone. And, for the first time, the words began to make sense! Could I... Open the sky itself?

Well, why not? Things couldn't get much worse than they were already (well, so I thought then), and that line about "Far across the Sea" certainly suggested that I might have found the way to leave the Island. I promptly raised my distaff, and Opened the sky above the graveyard.

Or rather, failed to Open it.

Perhaps if I'd been better educated, I would never have thought the cliff could be *that* much closer to the sky. Or perhaps it wouldn't have mattered; I already knew there was only one tree on the Island that resembled that storm-twisted tree engraved on the headstone. I made my way back to the cliff top — was it only this morning that I had awakened there? — stopping only to learn from the owls the final thread of what had to be the Night Vision Draft.



I sometimes think that, had I heeded half the warnings buried in the clues I found in my travels, I'd still be wandering that Island, looking for a safe way out. Yes, the epitaph mentioned lightning, and

something about sundering a tree, but I had no idea!

I barely got under cover in time.

At least, it appeared, there was a way off the Island, if I dared to try it. But I had one more errand, back in the Guild Treasurer's tent. And, there was something else I wanted to try...



I found that, once I wove Night Vision into the darkness, I could see as clearly in the tent as if I'd lit a lamp. It seemed that, like Hetchel, the Guild Treasurer preferred to work his draft through its ancient symbol; sure enough, the spinning wheel fairly vibrated with the Straw Into Gold Draft. For practice, I spun the threads on the pile of straw and was rewarded with some more gold stuff... and something far more precious to me: a strengthening of my abilities!

I returned to Hetchel's tent, and that odious green cloth.



Try as I might, I hadn't been able to put the question of reversing the effects of a draft completely out of my mind. All the while I'd been nosing about the Island, blowing up trees and whatnot, that little matter had been nagging at me. And now I thought I had the answer.

Experimentally, I spun the threads of the Dye Draft, *backwards*, on the basket of wool. And it worked! All the green was spun straight out of the wool! I named my new draft "Bleach Green" and trotted busily around the tent, bleaching every speck of green out of the cloth.

On my way west to the dock, I stopped at the Treasurer's Tent and changed the gold into straw. Immensely pleased with myself, I thought to reverse Night Vision, when I realized that, first,

there was no light-that-had-been-darkness upon which to spin it and, second, the Draft of Night Vision was the same both forward and backward.

Clearly, some drafts were not meant to be reversed.



The dock had been another of my favored hiding places. Members of the Guild avoided it, for it represented to them the intrusions of the outside world. I was, so far as I knew, the only inhabitant of the Island who actually knew how to swim; I'd taught myself and, although my technique was probably atrocious, it served to get me from place to place in the waters near the dock.

I'd toyed, in fact, with the idea of swimming to the mainland, but had discarded the notion when I realized how dangerous the intervening waters might be.

Resolutely thrusting from my mind the thought that a scrap of wood could hardly provide much more protection against the dangers of the sea, I leaped into the water and boarded the log.



Needless to say, I had no idea what a waterspout *was*, nor how powerful one might be, until I tried to steer around it towards that tantalizing glimpse of land beyond. Fortunately, I kept a tight grip on my distaff during my unscheduled side trip.

I reboarded my log and drifted back to the twister, which I examined more closely. Its draft was one of those that might be reversed, and in a few moments I was able to make my way to the mainland beach.

(I sometimes wonder if that waterspout was a side effect of my Opening the

sky. If so, it was not the only time during my travels when I freed myself from one dilemma only to land in something worse as a result...)



When I arrived at the beach, I found that, yet again, the range of threads I might control had grown. Soon, I thought, I would be a Master Weaver.

I was now confronted with a choice: to the east lay a glittering city; to the north, a forest. For me, accustomed to roaming the woods of the Island, shunning and being shunned by the people, the decision was not difficult — I made for the forest.



I'd gone no further than a few steps into the forest when I was confronted by the sentries. If they hadn't been so adamant about *not* permitting me to enter their worthless realm, I wouldn't have cared. But they'd challenged me, and I was well on my way to becoming a Master Weaver, and now I had to find a way to awe them, so they'd let me enter their miserable domain.

I would, after all, have to visit that city.

At least I'd learned from the shepherds the Draft of Invisibility. With care, I might not need to speak to any strangers at all.

So as not to seem to be retreating, I took the other path, and made my way, with as much dignity as I could muster, toward the glass city.



Not knowing what else to do, I entered the square building at the foot of the cliff. The planes and angles of glass in that place were most confusing; I fumbled my way up a flight of steps, and found myself facing an exit. It seemed more sensible to thoroughly explore each building of the

city in its turn; accordingly, I turned my back on the exit and cautiously negotiated the next upward set of stairs. I found myself turned round yet again, on a ledge leading to a crystal chamber.

When I inspected the chamber, I found that it contained a bell. Naturally, I rang it —

— and found myself stumbling out of the chamber on the other side of the building!

Before I had a chance to collect myself, I was accosted by one of the denizens of this strange place...



It wasn't, as it turned out, so horrible to talk to a stranger; at least, not that one. I was beginning to understand that, whoever Bobbin Threadbare may have been on the Island, here on the Mainland no one knew — or cared — that he was an outcast. Whatever made me so significantly *different* to my Guild was buried in the larger difference between my Guild and all the others.

To these people on the Mainland, I was a representative of the Guild of Weavers. It was ironic.

And, I would learn before my travels were over, it was dangerous...



Master Goodmold had given me the freedom of his city. I hoped only to find a draft within these crystalline walls that would let me show those shepherds a thing or two...

I wondered if more practice would expand my range to the point at which I might turn them all into swans. And, I thought scientifically, the chalice on the pedestal offered an excellent opportunity to test that draft I wasn't able to try on the Island.

I reversed the Empty Draft on the chalice and, as I examined my handiwork, Master Goodmold reappeared and treated me to what I saw as a rather irrelevant lecture on its, and the city's, history.

Later, of course, I was glad that Hetchel's teaching had asserted itself; that I had listened and asked questions and remembered.

(It was, I grant, a small thing; it mattered only to a Guild that has long since vanished...but whatever else I was, or am, or shall become, I am a Weaver.)

(And Weavers ever long to know...“How did that fit in the Pattern?”)



Free finally of Master Goodmold's attentions, I took a moment to Empty the chalice (“irreverence”, indeed!), then followed him and left the building as he had done.



Though the epitaphs in the cemetery wove a few more threads into the Glassblowers' Pattern, I still hadn't found any way to impress the shepherds. I left the dome through the back exit, stopping to admire a few more gravestones, and chose to enter the tower on the beach side of the city.



I had apparently intruded on a private conversation between another citizen and ...? I could not tell; I would never become used to the distortions of the glass of this city. Politely, I turned to leave, but somehow the conversation attracted me...



I knew well how inexperienced I was with regard to the business of mainlanders; just the same, it seemed to me that Bishop Mandible's interests might not be



as honorable as those of the Guild of Glassmakers. I'd come to like the people of this city, and I felt an uneasy foreboding at the thought of their association with this Cleric.

I told myself that it was not my concern...that I'd only come here to find a way to continue my personal quest...that it was absurd to imagine that Master Crucible had less judgement than I in the conduct of his business...

And, all the while lecturing myself, I made my way up the steps and across to the chamber that, I thought, must lead to the platform and that "Scrying Sphere". I rang the bell.



I was beginning to develop a streak of stubbornness that would have appalled Hetchel. In the course of a few days, I had discarded the habits of seventeen years of unquestioning obedience to my elders and presumed betters. Kind as they were, those workers were preventing me from doing what I wanted to do. I *had* to find a way to get past them.

Remembering that, before I'd entered, I'd seen some sort of busy activity at the top of the tower, I went back outdoors and confirmed my guess; the workers had to be the same men who had earlier forestalled my explorations. They were far away, but I thought it possible that, if I could *see* them, I should be able to spin a draft on them. Accordingly, I spun upon them the Draft of Invisibility, and returned to the tower room.



Invisibility *did* have its advantages; I was relieved to learn that this city was not entirely unprepared for treachery. For some reason, the presence of the scythe disturbed me, but — apart from making a

note of the Draft of Sharpening — I resolved not to involve myself any further in mainland concerns.

As I rang the bell on the other side of the room, I hoped that mainland concerns — particularly those of Bishop Mandible — would refrain from involving themselves with *me*.



Unexpectedly, the Sphere of Scrying provided the solution to the problem of the sentries. Although it was difficult to imagine how the weaving of a few threads could so influence four grown men that they would flee in terror from an innocuous Weaver such as myself, I was convinced that, with the Terror Draft, I could bring to reality the scene from the Sphere.

Curious, I looked again into the Sphere, hoping I might learn the whereabouts of the departed swans. The leaping flames in — what was that, a cave? — made no sense to me. I could only hope that the Sphere was showing a scene from some other's future — or, if it was indeed mine, that the experience would not be painful.

The Sphere produced but one more vision, before it began to repeat itself. That vision of the swan, and her reiteration of the Draft of Transcendence, was more confusing than helpful; was this a warning? An invitation? Time, I supposed, would tell.

I put the matter of the swan from my mind, and worked my way through the glittering city, up the cliff, and into the forest. This time, I thought, those sentries could not fail to be amazed.



The Terror Draft, when I wove it upon the shepherd guards, was far more effective than I had guessed it would be...for a

moment, I sensed, I was more than the *apparition* of that which they feared — I had the power and the will of the thing itself. I could wreak havoc here!

As the effects of the draft ebbed, my exultation faded as well. I began to understand, better than I wished, how the children of the Island may have felt when they chose to torment that outsider, Bobbin Threadbare.

As I walked the path to the west, I wondered if *they* ever felt as I did now.



When first I came upon the dozing shepherd, I thought that I might, yet again, have to make some display of “magic” in order to pass.

When I had examined (and thereby disturbed) his sheep a few times, it became clear to me that I would have to devise a mighty magic indeed if I wished even to capture his undivided attention.

I made a note of the threads of the Sleep Draft, wondering briefly why sheep jumping over a fence should evoke it. Then I continued west.



As I trudged through that vast verdant meadow, I reminded myself that the ways of mainlanders were no concern of mine. I told myself that even a drowsy shepherd must have an excellent reason for pasturing his sheep in the shadow of a forest, rather than in the midst of this lush green grassland.

I entered the largest of the huts on the west edge of the pasture, hoping to find someone who might help me in my quest. There was no one at home, save a little lamb in a manger. As I examined it, I had the eerie feeling I was being watched...



I understood now why the sheep were being kept from the open meadow, and thought back to my recent uneventful trek across that same meadow, shuddering at the realization that, at any moment during that journey, I might have been attacked by some ferocious dragon and carried off to be broiled and consumed at leisure.

I decided not to go back outdoors until the *real* wizard arrived to deal with the menace.

Then, I began to wonder whether that wizard might be apt to resent my impersonation, unavoidable as it was, of a member of his Guild; did Mages still turn people into frogs? And, of course, there was the little matter of the terrorized sentries; no doubt they, too, would find it difficult to forgive my deception.

I faced, on the one hand, the unpleasant possibility that I would soon become a dragon’s dinner...on the other, the prospect of being transformed into a small green webfooted individual on the run from four angry men carrying big sticks.

And I *hate* green!

I began to think I might have a plan. Stalling for time, I looked again at the little lamb in the manger.



After jotting the threads of the Healing Draft — Fleece’s “Song of Healing” — in my *Book of Patterns*, I turned the page and read again the history of the Draft of Invisibility. “Questionable circumstances,” eh?

I returned to the meadow, where I confirmed that the flock was, indeed, the most obvious feature of the landscape.

With what I imagined was an acceptable wizardlike flourish, I raised my distaff and spun the Dye Draft upon the sheep.



Clinging desperately to my distaff, dangling upside down in a decidedly undignified manner from the dragon's claws, I vowed yet again not to involve myself in the affairs of mainlanders.



I might have expected that only I could end up in the lair of a talking dragon. At least, it appeared, I was not due to be eaten immediately.

The cave looked very familiar; I remembered the scene from the Sphere and realized the exit had to be just behind the dragon's hoard. I looked more closely at the gold...



So, somewhere in the mountain there was another Sphere of Scrying. I was, of course, no nearer to it than when I'd first arrived. I paced the width of the cave, searching for another way out. Frustrated, I returned to the middle of the lair and stared at my captor.



There I was, trapped in a cave by a talkative dragon who was actually *afraid* of fire. I tried to imagine how things could possibly get worse, and thought again of the scene in the Sphere.

The first step, clearly, would be to acquire something sufficiently flammable. As I turned the hoarded gold to straw, I braced myself for the dragon's reaction, which wasn't likely to be positive...

Well, *that* was a relief... I took advantage of the new note I'd added to my range, and spun the sleep draft on the dragon. That, I thought, should give me enough time to find some way to ignite the straw... I had no idea dragons snored so loudly...

There you have the true story: daring Bobbin Threadbare single-handedly defeated the dragon and escaped the lair by virtue of the fact that dragons snore when they sleep — and spark when they snore.



The final appearance of the cave was exactly as it had been in the Sphere in Crystalgard; as I left the lair, I wondered if I would be lucky enough to find the dragon's Sphere, and what I might see within *its* depths.

The caverns within the mountain, though maze-like to some degree, proved relatively easy to negotiate once I remembered to spin Night Vision on the darkness. After a few false starts and a bit of backtracking, I eventually tumbled down a rocky slope onto a plateau half-awash in water. After examining the pool, and recording the threads of the Draft of Reflection in my *Book of Patterns*, I wended my way off the plateau and up to the exit from the caverns.



Though I searched carefully as I explored the caverns, I never did find that other Sphere.

I still have the feeling that, at one time or another, I must have been within just a few feet of it.

I wonder what visions it might have contained.



At first I thought I might simply leap across the gap at the foot of the spiral stairs. After looking over the edge, however, and contemplating the drop I risked should I fail to reach the other side, I returned to the top of the steps to look for some less dangerous means of bridging the gap.

I was prepared to look for a very long time, indeed, but the solution presented itself almost immediately. I reversed the Twisting Draft on the steps and, keeping carefully to the center of the unrailed staircase, walked down to the foot of the mountain.



I thought the sleeping boy might be a lookout for whatever Guild lived in these parts, so I tiptoed past him and approached the city to the east.



People did seem to be wasting a lot of their time these days keeping me out of places. I waited until the sentry had marched out of sight, spun the threads of the Draft of Opening on the gate, and entered, only to be ignominiously escorted back onto the drawbridge.

Reconsidering my options, I returned to the graveyard and the sleeping boy.



Admittedly, I was still not accustomed to using the subtle thinking of a Weaver. My first thought was that I could steal the boy's clothes and, thus disguised, sneak into the city. Looking at him, I thought despairingly that I could not possibly hope to succeed unless I could steal his visage as well...which was when I remembered the Draft of Reflection. I raised my distaff and spun the threads...



Fortunately, Rusty was not so wary of strangers as were his elders. I would have liked to spend more time talking with him; he was the only boy I knew who'd treated me with friendliness rather than scorn.

Sooner than I wished, though, Rusty returned to his primary pastime — sleeping — and I returned to mine —

getting into trouble. More quietly this time, I spun the threads of the Reflection Draft on Rusty and confidently walked back to the drawbridge.



I was beginning to get the impression that Rusty was not quite a pillar of his community. Hoping I needn't meet that Stoke person, I entered the Forge.



What an unbelievably *noisy* place this Forge was! No wonder Rusty preferred to catch up on his sleep in a graveyard!

None of the blacksmiths paid any attention to me; I doubted whether, even had I been able to attract their notice, any of them could have heard me over that ceaseless hammering on ten thousand anvils.

I wandered through the chamber, hoping that somewhere in this enormous clanging city I could find a quiet room, where I could rest and think...



If I hadn't been so dizzied by the noise, I might have realized before it was too late that the man by the furnace *had* to be the dreaded Stoke.

Across the sea, through thunderstorm and waterspout — even in midair — I had managed to hold onto that distaff. Then, in one brief moment of confused dismay, I let that man take it from me. Unless Hetchel came to my rescue, as she had promised, my distaff would shortly be consigned to the fire, and I would be condemned to await the coming of the Third Shadow in this dismal cell.

Naturally distressed by this turn of events, I kicked the cell door a few times to show my defiance, then laid myself down on the bed of straw and fell asleep.





After I awoke to find that I was myself again, I reached the barred window in the cell door just in time to watch Stoke fling my “stick” into the flames. I watched helplessly as, still vibrating with power, it began to smolder.

Turning away from the sight, I wondered if Hetchel had forgotten me...



I could hardly believe it when my distaff slid into view. Quickly, I retrieved it, spun the Opening Draft on the door, and hurried outside...but Hetchel had departed.

Knowing that, looking as I did now, I couldn't hope to escape through the great chamber, I descended the stairs to the inner chamber of the Forge.



Though this room featured but one blacksmith at one anvil, it seemed no less noisy than the great chamber itself. When the two men entered — the one wearing the mitre could be none other than Bishop Mandible — I strained to make out the words of their conversation.

I soon realized that, when this particular sword was finished, there would be a great many people bustling through the inner chamber, fetching the swords lining the walls. I would not be able to hide there much longer.

The decision I made next had nothing to do with any opposition to Mandible's plans — I reminded myself that I had renounced any interest in the activities of the mainlanders. They could, for all I cared, hack each other to bits with those swords — I owed them nothing. Well, with the possible exception of Master Goodmold, who had welcomed me into his city. And Fleece, who'd taught me the

Draft of Healing. And Rusty, who just might be my friend...

No, I just needed to buy more time to plan my escape. When next the two interrupted the blacksmith, I reversed the Sharpening Draft and blunted the upraised sword.



Though I knew I lacked the experience of more seasoned travellers, it still seemed to me that, what with that seagoing log, the claws of the dragon and — now — the Bishop's winged beast, I was beginning to run out of new, untried means of transportation.

Not that I was likely to have an opportunity to continue my travels.

Mandible clearly knew enough about the Guild of Weavers to know that I was perfectly capable of Opening the cage. Why, then, had he provoked this pointless exercise?

I could think of no other means of breaking the stalemate, though, for Mandible seemed willing to wait and watch until we all three were festooned with cobwebs (though I had no doubt such decoration could do nothing but improve Cob's appearance).

I wove the threads of the Draft of Opening upon the cage.



I had little hope that Mandible had heeded my warnings. Restlessly, I wandered the room, inspecting the beast, then Cob, then the beast again.

Finally, it occurred to me that the Bishop's Sphere might give me a glimpse of the effects of Mandible's ill-conceived actions. Naturally, the moment I approached the Sphere, Cob interfered...

Of course, I'd heard the legends from Hetchel, and later from Master Goodmold. Still, I'd never really believed them, and my warning to Cob sprang from sheer nervous bravado. Perhaps he detected that...perhaps he simply didn't believe...or care...

I tried to summon up some feeling of pity for Cob, but I could not. He was a nasty person who had come to an especially nasty end, and my only thought at the moment was that I might be able to induce Mandible to make the same mistake.

I hurried out to the parapet and approached him.

I retrieved my distaff, relieved to note that it was none the worse for its recent ill-use, and returned to the prison. Anxiously, I gazed into the Sphere.

The swan again! With Chaos loosed upon the Universe, I would have thought her message would change, but she only wove those same four threads of Transcendence. I looked again...

The next two scenes left me even more confused. The sight of those mundane objects filled me with a horrid sense of foreboding.

I suppose it should have occurred to me that Mandible's Opening Draft would affect more than just the graveyards; as I turned away from the Sphere, I noticed for the first time that the beast's cage was empty. I had thought, vaguely, that I might somehow be able to tame it and thus escape the tower; now I could only hope it had flown away in search of meatier prey than I. I could find some other way to leave.

Cautiously, I crept back onto the parapet.

I imagine that, without the help of the beast, I would eventually have elected to enter the hole on my own.

I might, on the other hand, have dithered over the decision until it was all too late.

Just the same, I wasn't able to summon any great feeling of gratitude towards the ravening creature.

Because the hole offended my sense of order (and because I couldn't be certain the beast wouldn't simply follow behind me), I reversed the Opening draft upon it. To my great relief, the tear obligingly sealed itself.

I turned my attention to the next hole; suppressing my initial inclination to simply close it up and forget it, I passed through...

Rusty! Shocked, I moved forward to inspect my friend's remains...

Inexplicably filled with remorse (how could I have known this fate would befall Rusty? How could he think I would have permitted it?), I leafed desperately through my *Book of Patterns*. Yes, here was the Healing Draft: nothing in the description suggested that it would be effective in this case — then again, nothing suggested that it would *not*.

I wove the threads of Healing around Rusty's corpse.

When I returned to the void, I found I was unwilling to lock myself away from the first and only friend I'd had. I thought that, once I'd found my Guild, I might be able to return and join Rusty in his search.

I proceeded to the next hole, through

which I could see the trees of the forests of the Guild of Shepherds.

Chaos and his minions had been at work here, too. Appalled, I examined the bodies strewn across the meadow.

Grateful for the opportunity to undo some of the damage for which I felt responsible, I once again raised my distaff and spun the Healing Draft on the shepherds.

I continued to the next rift, entering what remained of the glass city of Crystalgard.

As I prepared to weave the threads of Healing around Master Goodmold, he stopped me...

Distressed at what I saw as my inability to save Master Goodmold, and bitterly ruing the day that I had set out on this dreadful journey, I chose, this time, to Heal the rip in the fabric of the Universe, sealing away the sight of the shattered city of Crystalgard.

I would not forget them.

As I travelled further into the void, I thought for a time that there was no more to be found here...that I would have to return to the Forge and join Rusty's quest. Just as I began to make up my mind to turn back, I saw before me what appeared to be a fantastic crystal lake.

I made my way toward it.

This was the swan I had seen in the Spheres; the others must be the members of the Guild of Weavers. Curious, I looked more closely at the swan.

Regretfully, I turned back and closed the holes leading to the shepherd's realm and Rusty's home. I might not even have considered such an irreversible action had I not, at heart, believed that the swan was, indeed, my mother, and that Hetchel was in great danger.

After I healed the final hole, my range expanded yet again. I hoped the increase in my powers would be sufficient.

I hoped I wasn't too late.

I continued past the lake, found the final rent in the fabric of the Pattern, and through it returned to a devastated Loom Island. Watching anxiously for Hetchel, dreading the approach of Chaos, I hurried into the Sanctuary.

Nothing had changed here. Hetchel had not yet come back, or she had been and gone again...I turned to go back outside and search the Island more thoroughly...

Poor Hetchel...I had known her so well, for so long, that even her cygnet form could not mask from me her characteristic frustration at how easily Chaos had thwarted her. As she struggled to speak, I examined the Loom, evoking the echoes of Chaos' Draft of Silence.

I reversed the Draft of Silence and wove the threads around Hetchel...

Chaos' next draft must have been that of Shaping...even as I repeated the process of reversing the draft still resonating in the Loom, I could feel nothing but dread...I now understood the meaning of the second scene in the Bishop's Sphere.

I could only pray that Hetchel and I could act quickly enough...I saw no other

way to avoid the implications of the Sphere's third — and final — scene.



Hetchel must have known, from the very beginning, that it would come to this. She certainly knew later how serious her choice would be, when she warned me to close my eyes.

Hoping against hope that the Healing Draft would restore her, I prepared to spin the threads round all that remained of Hetchel, the lonely feather.



I could barely contain my helpless fury at Chaos' casual cruelty.

I told myself that Hetchel would not wish her final sacrifice to be wasted — and I knew that, in fact, she would agree.

But I do not believe that noble sentiment was all that motivated my next action; I wanted to avenge Hetchel...and Master Goodmold. I wanted to hurt the one responsible for separating me from my friend (my *friend!*) Rusty.

I learned the Rending Draft from the Loom and wove those terrible threads into the Loom itself...



I had lost my home — won and bid farewell to the first friends of my life — watched the woman who had raised me give up her life for the sake of the Universe — I had, in fact, split that Universe asunder.

I left the Chamber — and the Island, and my old life — and joined the flock on our side of the Pattern.

On the other side, Chaos followed my example.

I hesitated, wondering if I had any other choice...and realized, finally, that I *wanted* no other choice.

For the last time, I raised my distaff...

...and wove the threads of the Draft of Transcendence upon myself.



As for what came to pass in the newly formed Realm of Undead, I can tell you nothing, for that section of the Pattern is woven into the destinies of those I left behind.

My story — my part in the Pattern — ends here.





## Things to Try

Leave the Loom Chamber without opening the egg.

Spin Open and Close on the clam at the dock. (You could also wait until you can play the “F”, lead the gulls out to sea, then return and play with the clam.)

Spin Dyeing and Bleach Green on the tapestries in the Sanctuary.

Spin Night Vision on the sky above the cliff top.

Look at Cygna’s gravestone, Open the sky from the cliff top, then go back and look at the gravestone again.

Open the any of the graves (before Mandible does, of course).

Try to Fill the graves.

Close the owl holes.

Try to sail *past* the waterspout to the mainland.

Open and Close the chalice.

Fill the chalice before double-clicking on it to summon Master Goodmold.

Read the grave markers in the dome, after you’ve talked to Master Goodmold about the goblet.

Spin Terror on the workers in the Scythe Room while Bobbin is invisible.

Reverse the Invisibility Draft on the workers while in the Scythe Room.

Dye the dozing shepherd’s sheep green, then wake him up.

Dye the lamb in the manger.

Leave the hut without looking at the lamb.

Try Terror on the lamb (you beast!)

Look at the dragon.

Look at the dragon’s gold.

Spin Terror on the dragon before changing the gold to straw.

Open and close the pool in the caverns.

Each of the three Spheres shows three scenes; did you see them all?

Did you find the Sphere in the caverns? Empty the pool.

Sneak into Forge as Bobbin, over and over again.

Spin Wake on Rusty again.

Go in and out of the Forge gate, while disguised as Rusty.

Change the straw in the Forge cell to gold.

Fill and empty the wood bin.

Twist the sword Edgewise is making instead of blunting it.

Try to leave the Forge graveyard without healing Rusty.

Spin Reflection on Rusty’s corpse.

Dye the dead sheep and the shepherds green.

Spin Terror on the dead and dying shepherds.

Try to heal Master Goodmold.

Heal the holes, instead of Closing them.

Try to spin a draft on Chaos.



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